

MATRIMONY; ^{9.}

O R,

GOOD ADVICE

T O T H E

LADIES to keep Single.

In which are painted, in very lively Colours, the Pictures of many terrible HUSBANDS, both at Court, and in the City; particularly of one whose WIFE is now suing out a DIVORCE, on Account of his Unnatural Abuses.

*By what wild Fury was the Miscreant drove,
With lighted Taper to assail the Throne of LOVE?*

*Marriage at best is but a Vow,
Which all Men break-----or bow.*

H U D.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED for T. READ, in *Dogwell-Court, White-Fryers.*

MDCCXXXIX.

MATRIMONY:

O R

GOOD ADVICE

LADIES TO KEEP

In which are pointed out the most proper
and necessary rules for the conduct of
a young lady in the company of her friends
and in the company of the world.



the most useful and necessary rules for the
conduct of a young lady in the company of
her friends and in the company of the world.

Marriage as well as love,
which all men seek— or hope.

He is

LONDON:

Printed for T. Read, in Doughty Street, White-Friars.
MDCCLXXIX.



MATRIMONY:

O R,

GOOD ADVICE

T O T H E

LADIES to live Single.



Hear, *Clarinda*, you would be a Wife,
And taste the Comforts of a Married
Life :

If you resolve on this, pray be content
To do as others do, and then repent.

Believe me, *Clarinda*, the teeming Earth,
Among the various Creatures she brings forth,

B

Did

Did never yet produce, or ever can,
A Wretch so faithless, and so false as Man.

But you are fair, and your attracting Powers,
Will tie him to you fast, and make him your's.
Some Kitchen Wench, or filthy Thing that's grown
The common Talk and Scandal of the Town:
This loathsome Creature shall out-do thy Charms,
And tear thy wretched Husband from thy Arms:
Under thy Nose he'll keep the Baggage fine,
And whatsoe'er is dear, and should be thine,
She shall possess; and if you speak a Word,
O! then his Wife is not to be endur'd.

A jealous peevish Thing, Diseas'd or Mad,
Not fit for Commerce, nor the Marriage-Bed.
The treach'rous Ocean gently smiles from far,
To tempt on Board th' unwary Passenger;
Suspecting nothing in a specious Shew,
And fondly trusting to so smooth a Brow.
When past Retreat, fierce *Boreas* clouds the Sky,
And throws the frothy Billows up on high,
Then the sad Accents fill the troubled Air
Of Men, surpriz'd with Ruin and Despair:
At last they're cast upon some dismal Coast;
Their Lives, perhaps, are sav'd, but all their Com-
forts lost.

Alas!

Alas! the Marriage-Shew is quickly gone,
 You'll see the stormy Days a coming on;
 Then the black Clouds and hideous Sights appear,
 Which you, poor patient Angel, cannot bear.

Oft have I seen a Bully reeling home,
 Drench'd in the Rogueries of all the Town;
 Altho' 'tis by his Wife that he's grown Rich,
 Yet now he comes enquiring for his Bitch:
 The new-come Servant, with a Scrape and Bow,
 Says, Sir, I tied her in the Kennel now.
 Curse on thee, for a Fool; I mean my Wife,
 That Plague, that Devil, that disturbs my Life;
 That Basilisk so hateful to my Eyes,
 Whose Sight disturbs and poisons all my Joys,
 'Tis Her; go, Sirrah, call your Mistress here;
 The trembling Creature, almost dead with Fear,
 Comes down; the Villain, in a scornful Way,
 Says, Where have you been Jilting all the Day?
 How pleasant with your Rogues! But when I come,
 You then are Melancholly, Sick and Dumb.
 Your Gallantries you keep others to please,
 I bear the Weight of your Debaucheries;
 My Purse pays off your Revels; every Street
 Rings, with the Assignations where you meet;
 Whilst

Whilst the poor Soul hath scarce a Petticoat,
Nor Shoes, unless his Whore persuade him to't.

Just like a Statue stands the patient Wife,
And dare not speak one Word to save her Life:
Insulted and abus'd, she now, too late,
Laments the Burden of a Married State.

Corinna, not long since, I'm sure you'll own,
Had Charms, and was admir'd by all the Town:
You know *Corinna* now, and can there be
A more forlorn and wretched Thing than she?
And yet her Lover swore he'd prove as true
As he that now pretends a Zeal for you.

Another sheds his Venom like a Toad,
Which must his fairest Consort's Flesh corrode;
Struck like some Lilly by a Northern Blast,
She shrinks under the Weight, and dies as fast.

Sly *Charus* bangs his Wife, and doth profess,
'Tis on mere Principles of Godliness.

Cites Scripture-Texts to prove that Blows are good
To cure the vicious Sallies of the Blood;
As necessary for his Wife as Food:

Some-

Sometimes, by rougher Means he must controul,
 And plague her Body, but to save her Soul:
 Thus soberly, and with affected Grin,
 This Devil pleads the Scripture for his Sin.

Late in the Night comes home a moody Sot,
 And he's grown fullen for the Lord knows what;
 The officious Wife invites the Hog to Bed,
 Who only grunts, and squints, and hangs his Head:
 Come, says the patient Kitling, Husband come;
 The surly Cur sits biting of his Thumb,
 And looks as if he were Possess'd, or Dumb.
 Stretcht out, the Blockhead rests, stirs ne'er a Limb,
 But lies all Night like *Michol's* Teraphim.

But double Curses light on *Rimmon's* Head,
 Who had the Heart to beat his Wife in Bed;
 To pinch her, and to bid her, if she please,
 Make her Complaints, and shew her Grievances.

At publick Feasts *Batbillus* calls his Wife,
 His *Phillis*, and his Goddes, and his Life:
 Yet this same *Phillis*, but the Night before,
 The Villain kick'd, and turn'd her out of Door.
 Poor Patient Creature! Every Limb can prove
 The fatal Tokens of his cursed Love;

C

And

And what is ten Times worfe, this vicious Toad
Shall pass for a good natur'd Man Abroad.

But all their Crimes would to a Volume swell,
As black as Sin itself, as deep as Hell;
As good to count the Sands, or Drops of Dew,
As tell the Ways they'll take to ruin you.
O *Eve* ! black was the Guilt that thou wast in!
Or else the Curse is greater than the Sin.

But ne're was such a Husband, I dare swear,
As lately happen'd to *Dorinda's* Share,
His Head went tapering like a Sugar-Loaf,
And every Word he spoke was like an Oph;
Short was his Wit, but long enough his Chin,
His Beard was Bristles, and his Jaws were thin :
And yet this senseless Thing none durst controul,
Industrious but to shew he was a Fool:
Yet here's a Nymph to this old Satyr Sold,
Because her Father knew the Fool had Gold :
I'm sure you don't admire *Dorinda's* Bliss
That's tied to such a brainless Head as this.

Poor *Valnia's* Wrongs I'll not attempt to draw,
But leave her Monster to the Scourge of Law ;
So vile his Soul, and so abhor'd the Brute,
His very Name my Satire would pollute ;

Who

Who seven revolving Years possess'd her Charms,
 Nor offer'd once to take her to his Arms,
 But to such Ends as Nature's shock'd to name;
 And bring upon his Species everlasting Shame.
 By what wild Fury was the Miscreant drove,
 With lighted Taper to assail the Throne of Love?
 Was it a Sacrifice to please the Boys,
 Who loath fair *Venus*' Rites, and shun her Joys?
 Those who in hellish Combination join'd,
 With great Lord *Jack*† bear Enmity to Womankind.

Good Men, *Clarinda*, like hid Treasures, are
 Not to be found by Industry and Care;
 No Constellation, or enchanted * Rod,
 Can e're direct you to their blest Abode:
 'Tis Chance that finds them out, not Wit nor Rules,
 And therefore commonly possess'd by Fools.
 Wisdom's no Guide to th' Matrimonial State,
 The wiser Woman, and the worser Fate.
 Reports and Converse, Probabilities
 That hold in other Things, are here meer Lies;
 Had these been true, *Ammon* a Saint had been,
 Sweet his Deportment, and his Looks serene,

As

† The Name of *Valnia*'s Husband, who with one called the *Jesuit*, another called the *Captain*, &c. have a House a little Way out of Town, into which no Woman has Admittance. And this Fellow, tho' the most worthless of Scoundrels, is so very proud, that he has the Nick-name of Lord *Jack*.

* A common Thing to pretend to find out Treasure and Monies, by an enchanted Rod.

As if no Frown had e'er disturb'd his Brow,
 So apt his Words, so easily they flow,
 Soft as *Orlinda's* Hand, or new-faln Snow,
 Nothing Affected, Stiff, Severe, or Odd,
 And Courted beauteous *Cloris* like a God.
 Ne'er *Grecian* Bard in an Immortal Strain
 E're sung a brighter, or more constant Flame:
 Not many Weeks the Marriage-Knot was ty'd,
 But beauteous *Cloris* look'd too like a Bride;
 The fond Caresses that the Goddess gives
 He with a yawning Carelesness receives;
 Whilst she doth with her kinder Arts pursue,
 But cannot the expiring Flame renew;
 Thus, almost in the Circuit of a Moon,
 She knows her Fate, and finds herself undone.

I'th' *Temple*, where Men take up their Abode,
 And *Mammon*, or a Mistress, is their God,
 Lives *Ursine*, for his Practice not much known,
 But as the Drum and Bully of the Town:
 To make his Soul, kind Nature did dispense
 Vast Stores of Noise, and very little Sense,
 Which Failure she supplied with Impudence:
 His Body was proportion'd to his Soul:
 In Lungs a Bear, in Head and Face an Owl;

Part

Part Goat, part Cormorant, and part an Ape,
 Yet all these moulded to a human Shape;
 Not so exact, but still the Beast was seen
 In Features, Inclination, or his Mein;
 Witness his Horse's Nose, that doth dispense
 Loud Neighings of solacious Impudence:
 And yet this rumbling Tempest had the Art
 To Court successfully and gain a Heart;
 Which shews, when such a wretched Thing can please,
 Women are wise in every Thing but this.
 But blush you Readers all, when *Trinkelo*,
 That little Footman, sets up for a Beau;
 Says, he's belov'd, and makes the harmless Grin,
 Just like a Lady's Monkey new made clean.

Fly then, *Clarinda*, shun the Crocodile,
 Fierce to devour, and subtle to beguile;
 Keep, dearest Saint, your Freedom whilst you may,
 Nor, for a Trifle, sell your Joys away:
 Just like fall'n Spirits, to whom they're near a kin,
 They'll tempt, and they'll plague you for the Sin.
 This Legion shall contrive to run you down,
 And make you guilty, tho' the Crime's their own.

Perhaps you'll say this is preposterous,
 In blaming others, I myself expose.

D

I hate

I hate Mankind, and were it not for Shame,
 I'll swear I'd publicly disown the Name :
 To be call'd Man, with me doth sound no more
 Than if you call'd an honest Woman Whore.
 The Clown, the Fool, the Tyrant, and the Hog,
 The fly Deceiver, and the public Rogue ;
 The Sot that's drunk and flabbers all the Town,
 The needy Poet, and the learned Drone,
 The wrigling Creature, one that God thought fit
 To make a Fool, yet thinks himself a Wit :
 Gold Watch and Snuff-box set up such a Tool,
 And twenty Baubles more to please the Fool,
 Shaves every Day, and sets himself to shew,
 I mean, that empty nauseous Thing a Beau ;
 The only Thing that recommend him can,
 Is, that he's more a Monkey than a Man.
 The Courtier that will fawn and cut your Throat,
 And sell his God and Country for a Groat,
 Who meditates Revenge, and when most crost,
 Looks fly, and hides his Sting and Venom most ;
 These are, (and worse than these, if worse there can)
 The usual Compounds of the Thing call'd Man.

Stand up, you Sons of *Brass*, deny the Charge,
 I know your Crimes and Consciences are large :

You'll

You'll say 'tis false, a damned Calumny;
 But your own Actions give your Tongues the Lye,
 Whate'er the Picture wants of being true,
 Is, that it looks not so deform'd as you.
 With decent Veils you cover o're your Shame,
 Your basest Lusts you call a generous Flame,
 A Mistrefs is a Thing too foul to name.
 Harden'd in Vice and Impudence, from hence
 You take the Character of Men of Sense:
 So if you judge according to these Rules,
 The Modest and the Virtuous all are Fools.
 False Lights and Paint makes your Appearance fair,
 My Colours represent you as you are:
 I shew the true Complection of your Skin,
 And Part of that Deformity within:
 For he that all your monstrous Parts can shew,
 Must have a better Hand than *Angelo*.
 If Credit to some Stories we can grant,
 Angels have try'd their Skill to draw a Saint:
 The Devil himself must come, before we can
 Have the exact Resemblance of a Man;
 For if the World had Skill, the Earth wants Stuff
 To make the Colours look deform'd enough.
 You'll say *Aurelia's* Choice doth happy prove,
 Old Age hath snow'd upon them, yet they Love:

Amintas

Amintas dotes upon her wrinkled Brow,
 I know, good Madam, what you say is true;
 You say, a Man that's truly Good and Wise,
 Scorns thus to be Unjust and Tyrannise.

A true Wise Man's like a Prodigious Birth,
 A Rarity, and scarcely found on Earth:
 The Infant World might boast of such a Race;
 And tell us Men had Honesty and Grace:
 But in this Iron Age, Time downward rous,
 And gives us harden'd Brutes and rusty Souls.
 Your powerful Arts will all be at a Loss
 To meet them, or to scour them from their Dross:
 That Chymistry is scarce yet understood
 To keep a Husband tolerably good.
 My Sum amounts hardly to half a Score,
 And I should sooner make them less than more.
 I bring *Amintas* in that Number too,
 And, in such Odds, is one reserv'd for you.
Clarinda, then be wise as you are fair,
 Despise Mankind, and keep you as you are.

F I N I S.

